1:Campbell E-5 (1954-1955)1964
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But these visits are unlikely to be merely social and the main purpose of the journey is generally the arrangement of some business. At festivals, on the other hand, kinsmen meet to enjoy one another's company and other considerations are secondary. On the Tuesday after Easter Monday a man often sets off on a journey to a close kinsman living at a distance whom he has not seen during the winter. And after the feast of St. George before the migration to summer pastures there may be a wedding to attend. Later in the year when the Sarakatsani have moved up to the mountain villages of the Zagori there are other opportunities to meet less closely related kinsmen. About the end of July when the impregnated ewes gradually cease to yield milk, there is more leisure for the shepherds to attend the weddings, most of which occur in August and September. Also a number of the villages in the Zagori celebrate in the summer the feast-day of their patron saint. These village feasts (πανηγύρια) last for three days and nights during which there is almost continuous dancing in the village square with much eating and drinking besides. Many Sarakatsani go to these village festivals not only when it is the feast-day of the saint of their own summer village, but also to the celebrations of other villages where they have a kinsman. In the holiday atmosphere they are hospitably welcomed and their company and conversation give pleasure to their hosts. It makes no difference whether visitors are near or distant relatives; the more visitors a family entertains the more its prestige increases. But in addition to these public festivals each Sarakatsan family, or stani, celebrates privately one of the three summer religious festivals which they consider important. These are: the prophet Elias, 20th July, Saint Paraskeve, 26th July, and the Assumption of the All Holy One (The Virgin Mary), 15th August. On these feast-days meat is killed, wine is drunk, and in the larger stanis there is dancing. It is essentially a family celebration but kinsmen, who live in other villages and celebrate a different festival, will come to visit and share in the festivities. These are the various occasions which help to maintain a certain minimal frequency of contact between dispersed kinsmen, although the demands of the sheep prevent any individual shepherd from being present at more than one or perhaps two of these events each year.

But weddings are, undoubtedly, the most significant of these

1:Campbell E-5 (1954-1955)1964
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wine; and a slaughtered lamb or sheep. For the Sarakatsani a meal is a family communion to which unrelated shepherds are never invited. The wedding-feast is the family meal writ large with the family of the kindred sitting down to eat bread together. For all food is in a generic sense bread. 'Come, let us eat bread', cries the wedding master of ceremonies. As E. S. Drower[1] has said in discussing the symbolism of bread in Mediterranean cultures, 'It is not only the symbol of life. Bread, itself a union of many grains into a single substance, when broken into fragments and divided amongst many, becomes a symbol of life shared, of a society at peace with itself, of a family bound together by a common factor.'

Wine, too, is a life-fluid. It is drunk ritually by the bride and groom during the religious wedding ceremony. From the Saturday till the Tuesday afternoon, when the festivities end, it is drunk to excess by the whole bibulous assembly. A glass of wine must be accompanied by a toast, and every man tries to drink to the health of each of his kinsmen present. Wine is the symbol of blood; and each toast affirms a relationship. 'To your health, John' (Γειά σου Γιάννη). 'To your marriages, boys' (Μωρὲ παιδιὰ στὶς χαρές σας), when drinking with unmarried youths or young men; or simply, 'To your wedding' (στὸ γάμο σου). 'To the marriages of your sons' (στῶν παιδιῶν σας), in a toast to married men. 'A happy old age' (καλὰ γεράματά σας), used in drinking to the old men. And so on.[2]

In the confined space of an arbour covered with thick woollen blankets, between one hundred and two hundred men and boys are gathered. In the centre of the floor space the dancing only stops when the company sits down to eat. Then the plates of roasted meat are devoured almost in silence. Afterwards the dance is on again. Those who are not dancing, sing in accompaniment. The gipsy band beat out strange and exciting rhythms in which the high-pitched clarinet is never silent. In this intense atmosphere with men drinking steadily and shouting their toasts across the heads of the squatting assembly to their kinsmen, any link of kinship makes men like brothers, its absence potential enemies. For it must not be forgotten that although the wedding guests are all related in some fashion to

[1] E. S. Drower, *Water into Wine*, London, 1956, p. 44.
[2] See Höeg, op. cit., vol. i, p. 50.

1:Campbell E-5 (1954-1955)1964
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585 612 273 579 their hosts, they are not necessarily related to one another. Men whose pride is always sensitive become tense with nervous excitement and excess of alcohol. An alleged word or act which is interpreted as insulting, or the memory of a past grievance, may be the occasion of a quarrel; and this, if it is not controlled at once, may end in general violence by mobilizing support for the antagonists along the lines of kinship allegiance. As I have already suggested, these fights give very tangible expression to kinship bonds. But there are, also, less dramatic forms of communion. During the three days and nights of sustained revelry there are occasional breaks of an hour or two when musicians rest or the company observe some item of wedding custom such as the display of the bride's dowry. Then kinsmen sit apart and exchange their news of families and marriages, sheep and politics.

585 612 605 [252] Guests come to a wedding to support their kinsmen. They do this not only by their presence but also by lending practical assistance. Among the men this applies particularly to the first cousins of the bride or groom. These relatives take a hand in preparing the carcasses of the animals for roasting by fixing them on spits. Later they supervise the fires over which the spits are turned and they baste the meat to prevent it from burning. They cut up the whole animal into individual portions. [264] When the meal is ready it is the first cousins who assist the brothers of the family to lay cloths on the ground, pass round forks and spoons and finally hand to each guest his individual portion of meat. [261] After the meal is over it is again first cousins who stand in the middle of the dancing, one with a bottle of ouzo and the other with a plate of cheese or olives to give refreshment to the sweating dancers. These are not considered to be menial tasks; on the contrary, it is a privilege of close kinship to be allowed to assist in this way.

585 612 562 [603] [252] The women hold their sombre, almost melancholy, celebrations apart from the men in a nearby hut where they sing and sometimes dance. Here, again, the close female relatives of the family assist in handing round the food. But of the women guests it is the old grandmothers who play the most important role. Outside in the open-air kitchen they preside over the huge cooking-pots of potatoes, stews, and soups, enlivening their labours with gossip and attended by dogs and children anticipating scraps.

585 Black-clad Sarakatsáns crowded below the nuptial car, the bride was hoisted to earth, and in a hubbub of shouts and greetings and a rattle of musketry, the whole mob headed for the little white church. The train, letting off an answering whistle and an obbligato of steam, swayed away down the valley.

585 346 Inside the church two rows of columns sustained the white barrel vault of the basilica. A gilt iconostasis blazed, and overhead hung a great candelabrum formed by double-headed brass Byzantine eagles joining their wing tips in a ring, and from the center an ostrich egg was suspended. [223] The noise and the heat in the church were considerable, and thonged wooden flasks full of warm red wine circulated freely among the congregation.

585 301 292

585 [293] [292] [302] [142] The chanting of the priest — a fine figure in a white dalmatic and a wide blue and silver stole, with hair which uncoiled to his waist — soared heroically and effortlessly above this hubbub. All the faces were scorched, many were aquiline with blue eyes, and the hair of several nomads was bleached by the sun to a flaxen fairness. Apart from the priest, the only other grave faces were

585 292 [302] those of the bridal couple. The bride's withdrawn expression, her downcast eyes under her flowered headdress and a small blue cross which was strangely penciled or painted on her brow, never changed. The groom was dressed in a gold-embroidered red velvet waistcoat, a silk sash with the blue and white Greek colors, white jutting

585 262 [273] being moved in and wedged among the company as tightly as jigsaw pieces. Wicker-bound demijohns of wine were beginning to travel from hand to hand overhead. Glasses clashed convivially together, miraculously filling up as soon as they were drained, and plates were returning again and again for second or third helpings. Outside the window, swarms of guests were feasting under the trees. Whole lambs were being flourished, sizzling and smoking on their spits, and we could hear the crash of cleaver on block and the crunch of hewn bones as a sinewy nomad toiled like a headsman to keep pace with two hundred magnificent appetites. [252] Nothing accompanied this delicious roast except cross sections of dark and excellent bread sliced from loaves like small millstones and hot from the domed ovens outside. [609] It was, in a way, a Stone Age banquet. Strangers, on occasions like these, are the objects of eager solicitude: special morsels, forkfuls of liver or kidney and even more recondite appendages, are constantly being proffered, and helpings of brain are delved from heads which have been bisected lengthwise and opened like a casket, each half, sometimes, still equipped with a twisting horn. Avoidance of the sheep's eyes is a recurrent problem for outsiders. They are highly prized by mountaineers, but for all but the most assimilated travelers, the message they signal from the prongs is one of harrowing reproach.

585 533 After an hour or so the general hum of talk sank to a single deep bourdon note which resolved itself into the opening phrases of a Klephtic song, the first stanza being sung by a group of two or three, and then repeated in a slow and long-drawn roar, starting with the vehemence of a lurch, by the rest of the shepherds. Rather surprisingly, so far from the Peloponnesus, it was about the great War of Independence leader, Kolokotrones. (I would have expected some more northern Klepht, and above all, Katsandónis, a Sarakatsán from the wild Agrapha Mountains.) [539] "Kolokotrones shouted," sang the nomads' voices, "and all the world trembled: 'Where are you, poor Nikitara, you whose feet are winged? Go, go and seize the Turks, drive them like hares into a trap, slay some and capture some, and lock some up in the castle. . . . At Antikorpha and Trikorpha the blood is flowing like a brook.'" This gave rise to another deep melopoeia from the south: "They have blocked all the roads of the Morea, they have sealed up all the passes." When the massed voices died down, the steady and unchanging note of the smaller group continued in a wail, setting up its own curious vibration. This comparative lull was always followed by the long deep cry of conjuration, "*Oré!*" ("Oh, you!" or "Hark!"), which ushers in most Klephtic stanzas, and another act from the

292 /119 cont./
415 (small goatskin bottle).

● 293 c) Wine.

[439] d) Finally, spirits. Bought commercially, the last two are hardly ever drunk except at religious or family festivals and above all when hospitality is offered.

292 --Natural beverages: these are fresh water and milk.

--Infusions: coffee is the drink preferred by the Sarakatsani at any rate in the huts, since tea or chocolate are unknown. In addition, [824] one can enumerate a whole list of infusions made with herbs, flowers and leaves of aromatic shrubs, as for example witch hazel flowers, sage or the various medicinal plants.

292 In the way of "consumption technology" the drinking of liquids, when
293 it is collective (water, wine) requires containers with a narrow opening
415 the "voutseli" (fig. 11)[A] which are passed from hand to hand; for individual consumption, cups made in the native crafts or bought commercially are used.

Light and heat.

354 Figure 64[B] shows the solution of these two problems.

For light the Sarakatsani use an oil lamp provided with a wick, which is obtained commercially.

As for heat, the fire of the hearth is quite sufficient. According to our own experience, though it was snowing outside, within the hut it was so warm that a jacket was unbearable.

Sometimes the fire, if bundles of resinous branches are thrown on it, serves also as the only source of light.

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121 Although with this last paragraph, the description of Sarakatsani technology may be considered concluded, this is not to say that the study of "the technological expression" of this society is entirely exhausted. We ought to have gone on to a detailed and complete analysis of the succession of procedural steps that "homo faber saractsanus" /Sarakatsani man, the maker/ applies in each /120/ craft. This task

A./Fig. 11 appears on p.43--Analyst/
B./Fig. 64 appears on p.92--Analyst/

/262 cont./

789 585 the time of the nuptials, which begins with the pastry decorated in the manner referred to above. With this ritual we gradually move away from the circle of ideas dealing with the Mother-Goddess and enter another, as we shall see presently.

We know that during the solemn preparation of this pastry the blessing and the wishes of the nearest relatives (father, mother, brothers, sisters, etc.) are sought. The mystic power of the word of those who are best disposed to utter it is thus combined with the presence of the grain transformed into flour and then bread, the symbol of subsistence. Added to it is the potency of the coin that the attendants throw into a receptacle when the wishes are formulated--a potency that we shall examine farther on. However, this is only one part of the rites. The other part takes place the very day of the nuptials. When the bride arrives in front of the hut of the groom, and before she dismounts from her horse, she breaks her pastry on her head, without using a knife, into four pieces which she tosses around her. Likewise, still mounted, she must then throw rice and candy which her mother-in-law or her sister-in-law offer her on a tray. The gesture of scattering bread, rice and candy and the multiplicity symbolized by the last two items will ensure abundance. Nature will show her generosity toward the new home. Moreover, the rice will contribute to "the taking-root of the couple" (according to a play of words in Greek in which "rice" and /263/ "root" are identical) and the candy will "sweeten" their lives. Dismounting from her horse, the bride heads towards the hut; she crushes a pomegranate on the ground and its seeds are scattered on the ground--a further symbol of the abundance and fertility of the earth. Once under her new roof, she empties on a piece of fabric stretched out on the ground two cups of wine (symbol of life and immortality). (38) The Sarakatsani

[606] [609]

[263] [782]

38. See Iliad, 9, 705 f. "...enjoying bread and wine, for these are the sources of strength and courage..." According to Pliny: Natural History, 1412, the Greeks call life the act of drinking wine.--For the Babylonians

[171]

/263 cont./

the tree of immortality is the vine: M. Eliade: Ibid., pp. 247 and 248, "the vine, the plant expression of immortality--just as the vine in archaic traditions has remained the symbol of youth and eternal life." say that this libation gives rise to "health, abundance and good fortune." Sometimes the bride also pours out water, in order to be always "fresh as water."

However, abundance is further sustained by the snake for the polyvalent symbolism of the latter promotes abundance. Though explicit testimonies are lacking, the facts speak for themselves. It will be recalled that the Sarakatsani have extensive woodcrafts. On all the wooden objects they make are found various decorative motifs, mostly geometric and generally beautiful. Looking at them closely one immediately realizes that the snake, or rather the viper, appears only on the staffs of the shepherds or on the distaffs (fig. 104).A It is certain that the handle of the staff, in the shape of a definite and marked curvature, in itself suggests the movement of a snake. But the shape of the distaff calls to mind nothing similar. Moreover, nothing explains the absence of this motif on other objects. Now, it is obvious that the presence of the animal on the staff and the distaff is symbolic much more than it is ornamental. The snake accompanies these objects because they represent the two principal economic activities of the Sarakatsani, herding and wool crafts. If it is agreed that the chthonian forces favor fecundity and fertility, hence abundance, the viper will augment the yield from these two fundamental activities.

To complete our discussion of this subject we must still mention the Sarakatsani observances bearing on the propitious days for the performance of certain tasks. Thus, the shearing must never begin on Tuesday. On the other hand, it is altogether advisable to start the shearing on Maundy Thursday by symbolically removing a little wool from a sheep. Maundy

A, /See p. 429--Analyst/

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece
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saw the framework of poles, supporting the walls and roof of reeds, blackened from the smoke since there was neither chimney nor smoke hole in the roof.

The partition separating the entrance room from the main room was smoothed with clay stucco over the reeds. The total movable earthly possessions of these people were either in these two small rooms or in the form of the sheep pasturing outside. We noted the mattresses on the pounded earth floor, a pile of dowry blankets in one corner, another hearth, a small kerosene lamp hanging on a post over the single bed, two windows about a foot square covered with chicken wire, a hanging shelf from which Konstantin's gentle twenty-year-old sister got a sweet liqueur (*mastica*), *loukoumi* (Turkish delight), and ouzo to serve to us. The flour was kept in a sack in a corner. The family living in this hut consisted of the widowed mother, two unmarried daughters, and two unmarried sons. There were three more married daughters, who were of course no longer in their parental home.

"The poorer the family, the more children you find; the richer the family, the fewer the children," said the mother. In an aside to me, Konstantin added, "For producing children is the only recreation of the poor." "But I understood," I said, "that shepherd families like to have lots of children to help with their flocks." Western influence was already making itself felt, for the mother said, "No, every child is just another mouth to feed." The look of fatigue on the faces of these people — the look of age on the pale twenty-year-old — showed that they had gone through more than their share of unrest and tribulation. Even their bodily movements, slower and listless compared to, say, the Valtetsi shepherds', reflected the strain of being in a border or frontier area where part of the enemy strategy seems to be to make the inhabitants feel so insecure that they will abandon their fields, just as the previous owners had done.

But these worn and weary frontier Sarakatsani have a saving sense of humor. When I was asking about the differences in the shapes of the huts used as dwellings and those used for animals, one of the unmarried daughters who was serving us refreshments said with a smile of pure fun lighting up her pallid face, "Oh, we only use different kinds of tile to distinguish where we live and where the animals live." Everybody laughed at this ridiculous reference to nonexistent tile roofs.

Here again I tried to learn how the Sarakatsani viewed themselves in relationship to the other nomadic groups. They assured us that they never married with the Karagouni or the Albanian-speaking Greek Vlachs. "Why not?" we asked. "Isn't the work of their women the same as yours?" "Most definitely not," affirmed the mother. "The Karagouni women don't know anything except pasturing the sheep and twisting their spindle. But we Sarakatsani women can work on the loom, work in the fields, and also if necessary care for the flocks."